"MUST GIT BACK."

I've been in town a month or two—
Come here expectin' I might stay
'Bout all my days with little Sue—
An' even yit, perhaps, I may.
Fur she hangs 'round my neck so tight
That, though I know I orter pack,
I can't raise the spunk to say to-night:
"I must git back."

They make it pleasant fur me here,
Sue an' her husband, I must own.
An' sence ma's gone, it would appear
I'm better off than I'd be home.
But I dunno; to settle down
I some way can't jist git the knack.
An' now, 'fore winter gits aroun'
I must git back.

It seems ungrateful like, I know;
Fur when I come—the very night—
The things she'd brought from Cedar row
Was the first things to meet my sight.
"See, dad," she cried, " 'tis just the same—
Your slippers, pipe, and chair and sack."
Why, sir, the thought that minute came:
"I must git back."

Why, bless your soul, this ain't no place
Fur an old chap as rough as me;
There ain't enough of air or space
Or elbow-room—fur's I can see.
Why, I have watched the sky through all
This Injun summer through a crack
Between two buildin's, an' this fall
I'm goin' back.

It's lonesome on the farm, I know,
Now that I'll have to stay alone;
But ma'd be sure to feel jest so
An' long, as I do, fer her own.
I b'lieve when I hev piled the wood
Upon the hearth, a blazin' stack,
If there was jest a way she could,
That she'd come back.

Mebbe she can; I ain't so wise
That I can say such things that can't be;
There may be things hid from my eyes
That's meant to be a help to me.
So I'll go home an' sort o' wait,
An' if there's any path or track,
Why, mother'll find it, soon or late—
An' come right back.

—Chicago Journal.

CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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IV.—CONTINUED.

No wonder the fellows wondered what Close did with his money. A soldier servant made up his room and blacked his boots; a company laundress washed the very few items sent to her each week, and declared that the captain stopped the price of two pairs of gloves out of her wages because she wore the thumb off one of them scrubbing the dirt off the other. He never went to theater, opera, or other diversion; never took part in any of the gayeties of the garrison; never subscribed for a newspaper or magazine, but was always on hand to get first look at those service journals which were intended for the post library. He smoked an old black brier-root pipe, which he charged with commissary plug tobacco, preferring it to all others. He chewed tobacco—navy plug—and did not care who knew it. He shaved himself, and when his hair needed trimming it was done by the company barber. He had no bills. He would be neither borrower nor—well, there was some talk about his lending money on unimpeachable security and usurious interest, but to those officers who applied, either in jest or earnest, he said he never had a cent to lend and wouldn't lend it if he had.

Then what on earth did Close do with his money?

Much of this was told to Lambert in New Orleans. More of it he learned later. On this particular day he was destined to have another peep into the peculiarities of this most unusual character.

He had walked perhaps half a mile, revolving these matters in his mind and keeping occasional lookout for Parmelee's (which was evidently further away than he had been led to suppose), when he heard some one shouting after him. It was a soldier, running hard, and in a moment Lambert recognized in him the affable corporal who was the first to receive him that morning. This time the corporal saluted as he came, panting, to a halt. Possibly Sergt. Burns had been giving the company a "pointer."

"Did anybody pass you, lieutenant?—anybody on horseback?"

"No," answered Lambert, wondering what now might be coming

"Well, cap says—er rather—the captain wants you to come back. Didn't nobody go along here a-horseback?" And the corporal was evidently perplexed as well as nearly breathless. "By gad, I thought 'twas takin' chances, even for the two of us. Two of 'em rode in an' sassed cap right to his face an' were off before a man of us could draw bead on 'em."

"Who are they?"

"Some of the very crowd Parmelee nabbed last night. They must have cut across at the ford. They've finished him, I reckon, for one of 'em was ridin' his horse."

In ten minutes Lambert was back at camp, where all was bustle and suppressed excitement. Close was seated at his tent, smoking imperturbably, and listening to the tremulous words of a tall, sallow civilian who was leaning against the shoulder of a panting mule. McBride, rifle in hand and equipped for field service, was closely inspecting the kit and cartridge boxes of a squad of a dozen men already formed.

"Lieutenant," said Close, "I've got to send you with a detachment over to the county jail. How soon can you get ready?"

Lambert felt a sudden odd, choky sensation at the throat, and was conscious that his knees were tremulous. It was his first call, mind you, and it was sudden and vague. The symptoms made him furious.

"I'm ready now," he said, reaching for his handsome sash and belt, and disappearing an instant within his tent door.

"Ain't you got some ord-nery things? You don't want to wear such trappin's as them. I've got a sash an' belt an' sword here plenty good enough; and you can have 'em for half what they cost."

"I prefer using these, captain," said Lambert.

"Why, you may not get back in a week," persisted Close. "There's no tellin' where those fellows have run to. You ought to have some suitable clothes for this sort o' work—like mine."

"I've got something different, but I thought we were needed at once."

"So you be, 'cordin' to what this gentleman says. It looks like they must have stirred up quite a row; but you needn't worry. There'll be no trouble once they see the regulars, and if there should be, you've got me an' the hull company to draw on." And Close's face fairly brightened up for the minute. "There's your squad ready. Parm'lee'll tell you what he wants done. Reck'lect, if there's any trouble you draw on me."

"I shall need some money, I'm afraid, if we're gone any time. That's the first thing I'll have to draw for."

Close's countenance fell. "Ten dollars ought to be 'nuff for you anywhere here. I could get along with fifty cents," said he, slowly. Suddenly he brightened up again

"Just sit down an' make out them mileage accounts o' yours. Here, sergeant, you and this gentleman go on with the squad. Take the county road. The lieutenant'll overtake you. Sit right down over there in Sergt. Burns' tent, lieutenant; he's got all the blanks and things. Never made out a mileage account? Here, I'll show you."

And while Close slowly began his calculations, the squad under Sergt. McBride tramped out upon the dusty red road, most of the men following as though to see them around the bend, while Lambert, vaguely troubled, and feeling, somehow, that he ought to be with his detachment even though his superior officer called him back, stood looking anxiously after them.

"I thought you had twenty or so left in your wallet, lieutenant," said Close. "Just look, will you? You needn't be in any hurry. McBride knows just what to do. I'd change them clothes if I was you."

Lambert had slipped his hand into his breastpocket, then began searching the others. All in vain; the little, flat pocketbook was gone; and now it flashed across his mind that he must have whisked it out with his handkerchief, which he carried, after the West Point fashion of those days, in the breast of his coat, just after he started on the run back to camp. Even as he began to tell of his loss the men came springing down the bank and bursting through the bushes in their haste to reach their arms and equipments.

"What's up now?" hailed Close, still slowly writing and never moving from his seat.

"Firing over near town, sir," called a sergeant.

"That so?" asked the veteran, imperturbably. "Get 'em under arms, sergeant. Guess you'd better catch up with McBride, lieutenant," said he to Lambert, whose boyish face could not but betray his excitement. "Hold on a second," he shouted, for Lambert had darted at the word. "Wait, lieutenant!" shouted Burns, and, wondering, Lambert looked back. Close was holding out the pen to him.

"Sign these, first off, will you?" said he.

V.

Long before they reached the public square the firing had ceased. Overtaking his little command, which the sergeant had wisely halted "for orders" as soon as the shots were heard, Lambert led them at double time.

"Put a stop to anything they're at. I'll be after you with the whole company," Close had shouted after him. The deputy marshal had disappeared.

"Mr. Parmelee somewhere ahead?" panted the lieutenant to the sergeant trotting by his side.

"Somewhere behind, sir. He'll come gallopin' in after we get there—perhaps."

The road led into town from the northeast. Lambert could see the railway embankment and the old wooden bridge before they rounded the turn from which they came in sight of the belfry and the roofs. Somebody had begun to ring the bell, and there came the sound of shouting with an occasional shrill yell. Then more shots, a short sputtering fusillade, and more shouts, suggestively derisive and farther away.

"What's going on, do you suppose?" asked Lambert of his bulky second in command; and McBride, with one hand steadying the absurd long sword then worn by our sergeants, and the other clamping his rifle at the right shoulder, puffingly answered:

"Havin' some fun with the sheriff. He had a nigger posse guardin' the jail. Folks wouldn't stand it."

Another minute of running brought them to the outskirts of the straggling town. Women and children could be seen peering excitedly towards the square. Two very small boys, hearing the heavy tramp, tramp of the infantry, turned and scuttled away for the shelter of an open door. Three hundred yards ahead a man in his shirt sleeves popped around a corner, looked keenly at the coming squad and popped back again. When Lambert, leading his men by a dozen paces, came dancing around that same corner and found himself at the northeast angle of the plaza, this same citizen was seated on the nearest porch, placidly smoking a corn-cob pipe and reading a newspaper, his boots braced against a wooden pillar and his chair tilted back against the wall. In similar attitudes of exaggerated calm, farther along in the direction of the post office, were one or two other gentlemen of Tugaloo. Only around Cohen's mercantile emporium was there faintest sign of excitement. There one or two trembling, pallid clerks were bustling about and putting up the shutters. The gang of negroes ordinarily loafing around the plaza had totally vanished. Lambert, expecting to find himself in the presence of a surging mob, came to a sudden halt in sheer surprise. The squad "slowed down" at a sign from their sergeant, and then, closing up their rank, marched silently ahead in quick time.

"Where's the jail?" asked Lambert of his subordinate.

"Round there behind the next corner, sir, where the bell is."

Three or four prominent citizens came strolling out of the saloon near the post office, their hands in their pockets and quids of exaggerated size in their cheeks. The bell, under the impulse of unseen hands, was still violently ringing; otherwise an almost Sabbath stillness pervaded the town of Tugaloo. At the corner lay a gaunt quadruped, blood trickling from its nostrils and from a shot-hole in the side—sole indication of recent battle. The jail door stood obliquely open to the declining sun. The barred windows were tightly closed.

"'Put a stop to anything they're at'" repeated Lambert to himself. "But what are they at? How on earth can I find out?"

Like those of the jail behind it the windows of the little meeting house were closed, and apparently boarded up from within. The double doors in front were tightly shut and decorated in one or two places with bullet holes. The bell kept up its furious din. "Hammer the door with the butt of your rifle," said the lieutenant, annoyed to see that such of the populace as began to appear were looking on in unmistakable amusement.

"Guess they're all down in the cellar, lieutenant," said a tall civilian. "Want any of 'em? Reckon they'll come up 'f you'll tell Squire Parmelee to shout. Don't seem to see him, though." And the grinning countryman was presently joined by one or two of his friends. Lambert simply did not know what to make of the situation. Sergt. McBride was going around hammering at one shutter after another and muttering about "darned fools inside." A corporal with two men had explored the two rooms of the primitive building used as a jail, and now came out to say there was nobody there, which seemed to tickle the fancy of the rallying populace. Still the bell kept up its deafening clamor and Lambert was waxing both nervous and indignant. The absence of the civil officers of the law—the deputy marshal or sheriff—rendered him practically powerless to act. He could not pitch into the people for standing around with their hands in their pockets and looking amused. There was nothing hostile or threatening in their manner. They were even disposed to be friendly—as when they saw Lambert take a rifle with evident intention of battering in the door, they shouted to him in genuine concern: "Don't do that, lieutenant. Those fellows will be shootin' up through the floor next. The squire'll be along presently. Let him do it."

Presently the squire did come, still "white about the gills," as a sergeant

"Hammer the door with the butt of your rifle.'

muttered; and him Lambert angrily accosted:

"What do you want us to do, Mr. Parmelee? We've been here several minutes with nobody to report to."

"I s'pose my poor fellows are murdered to a man," cried Parmelee, sliding off his mule and handing the reins to a soldier, who coolly transferred them to the nearest post. "Can't you make 'em hear, McBride?"

"Not if they're all dead," answered the sergeant, disgustedly. "Which corpse is pullin' the bell rope?" At this unfeeling remark the populace again began to laugh.

"Oh, you'll pay for this, you fellows!" tremblingly shouted Parmelee to the grinning group across the street. "If there's law in Washington and power to back it, you'll ketch hell."

"Whawt's been the matter, squire?" asked a citizen, soothingly. "Ain't anybody hurt, is there? I ain't heard nothin' of any row."

Parmelee pointed to the carcass of the mule and to some significant shot holes at the corner. "I s'pose you'll deny shootin' or hearin' any shootin'—next."

"Shootin'? Shootin' round hyuh? Why, doggone 'f that ain't the queerest thing! I thought I heard somebody pullin' off a pistol awhile ago. Don't you remember, major? I reckon 'twas you I was talkin' with at the time—I said there was a shot fired. P'r'aps that's what killed Potts' old mule out yuh."

"For heaven's sake, man," muttered Lambert, "stop that infernal bell and your own jaw. Can't you see they're just laughing at you?" And Parmelee evidently did.

"My God, lieutenant! they've mobbed the jail, let loose three of the worst scoundrels ever went unhung, and killed the officers of the law. They ought to be arrested right here—every one of them—'stead of standin' there insultin' the United States government. If Capt. Close was here he'd have 'em in in less than a minute."

"He'll be here presently, if you want any arresting done. Meantime, the only row is that which your people seem to be making. Can't you stop that?"

Parmelee looked helpless and despondent. "Somethin's got to be done," he said, "or these rebels'll ride right over you. Why, every man you see's had a hand in this jail delivery. We had great trouble 'restin' those three scoundrels; the marshal's been after 'em a month, and he ought to have met us here, 's I telegraphed him. We fetched 'em here at four o'clock this mornin', an' not a soul in Tugaloo knew anything about it, an' the soldiers ought to have stood by us until the marshal came. 'Stead of that, they went on to camp and left us all alone, and just as soon as these people found out who were jailed an' saw we had no soldiers to guard 'em, why, I couldn't do nothin'. They just took my horse and—they'd have hung me, I s'pose, if I'd been fool enough to stay. I just 'scaped with my life. You've just got here, lieutenant. You don't begin to know what a hell-hole this is. These people are the worst kind o' rebs. Capt'n Close—even he wouldn't b'lieve it, but I reckon he does now, after the tongue-lashin' them fellers gave him—"

But Mr. Parmelee's description of the situation was interrupted by the coming of Capt. Close himself. Dressed precisely as when Lambert had last seen him at camp, with no more semblance of rank or authority than was to be found in a weather-beaten pair of shoulder-straps on his cheap flannel blouse, without sash or sword, but with a huge army "Colt" strapped about his waist, the commander of the company came strolling around the corner of the jail, looking curiously about its door and windows as though in search of signs of the recent affray.

"Thought you told me they'd shot the door into tooth-picks," said he. "I don't see no signs of bullets."

"Come round here an' you'll see 'em. I wasn't goin' to let my men be shot like cattle in a pen. I got 'em out o' there soon 's we saw the crowd a-comin'."

"Then you didn't even show fight—didn't even attempt to hold your prisoners?" exclaimed Close, in high dudgeon. "Why, great Peter! man, your birds just walked out without anyone's helpin' 'em. You and your cowardly gang walked off and let 'em go; an' they've taken our mule. That's the worst of it—taken our mule to replace that dam carcass there, that b'longed to the father of one of the boys you brought in this mornin'. He told the truth 'bout it then, when he rode into camp an' said your posse had shot his mule an' threatened to shoot him. What sort of a sand-heap were you raised on, anyhow? Why, 'f a baby in the town I come from had shown as little grit as you and your folks have, its own mother would have drowned it in the mill-race."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MADE IT A MILK STEW.

The Cannibal Chief Gratified the Last Wish of His Fair Victim.

She was fair to look upon. Waves of chestnut hair swept over her blanched face like breakers over glistening sands under a summer sun. Her bejeweled fingers were clasped in supplication and her brown eyes were filled with tears.

The cannibal chief gazed down upon her. The gloating of a thirst for human gore sent the warm blood rioting through his evil face. He drew his knotted war club and sent it swinging in concentric circles around his fuzzy, wool-tossed head.

"Monsieur will not spare me?" asked the fair music hall singer, once the beautiful idol of Paris.

She had charmed men by her magic sway and as she spoke the rugged features of the swart chieftain relaxed. A kindly light came into his albumenous eyes.

"Ah, you pitee," sighed the maiden. "Spare me life, monsieur."

Amoslalsidecus, leader of the cannibals, faltered.

A rattle of stewpans filled his ears and fork and knife rang against delftware plates with portentous sound. His followers clamored for human stew and would not be gainsaid.

"Impossible," he said, and swung the great war club high in the air.

"Then, monsieur," sighed the maiden, "I make but un last—vhat you call heem?—un request before I die."

"Woman," made answer the lord of the cannibals, "name the boon you crave and it shall be yours."

The fair singer toyed with a wisp of her chestnutty hair and her young soul welled up from the limpid depths of her tear-filled eyes.

"Eet ees, monsieur," she said, "zat eef you must eat me, zat I be boiled in meelk!"—N. Y. Herald.

A Wonderful Flower.

The Flor del Espiritu Santo, or Holy Ghost flower, found in the region of the Isthmus of Panama, has within its petals the perfect image of a dove. The leaves are very pale green in color, as though in harmony with the delicate purity of the blossom, which is of alabaster whiteness. In the center of the blossom, nestling in its very heart, is the perfect image of a dove. Right in the cup of the blossom, with the snow-white canopy about it, rests this wondrous image, its delicately-molded wings drooping, half-extended at its side, its gold-tinted head bent slightly forward, and its tiny, crimson-tipped bill almost touching its snowy breast.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Telegrapher to the Queen.

There are few appointments at court in England entailing a greater degree of labor and discretion than that of chief telegrapher to the queen, an office which has just been conferred upon Malcolm Riley. Her majesty's telegraphic correspondence, not only with her relatives, ministers and officials in the United Kingdom, but also with her kinsfolk abroad, is something enormous, and it will scarcely be credited that she writes nearly every message in her own hand, not on blanks, but on ordinary sheets of note paper, adorned with the royal cipher and the name of the palace where she may happen to be residing at the time.—Chicago News.

CROSS AGAINST CRESCENT.

The Cause of Greece the Cause of All Christendom.

Crete is a little island, Greece is a little kingdom. The cause of Greece and of Crete is now the cause of christendom, as, ages ago, the cause of all the world was the cause of Greece and Crete. What is Marathon? A Grecian plain. What is Salamis? A bay in the Aegean sea. Yet on Marathon and Salamis once depended the political destinies of the world. If Persian power had prevailed all over Greece, it would have prevailed all over Europe, and centuries after it would have crossed the Atlantic ocean.

How many people consider the political meaning of the eastern victories of Alexander the Great? The Macedonian conqueror, no doubt, acted from personal ambition; yet, without knowing it, he was fighting for the salvation of Europe. Here in America we feel today the influence of the victories of Alexander the Great; for they were the invincible barrier against Asiatic paganism. Greece was, indeed, pagan at that time; but Grecian paganism had been touched by the Hebrew faith and law and prophets; and more than one Greek philosopher was in sympathy, without knowing the cause, with the existing and the coming revelation of celestial grace in the Holy Land.

Where Xerxes failed, Mohammed succeeded. He flooded southeastern Europe with the desolating cause of Islam. But the Christian powers of Europe then saw their danger, and resisted the Arabian flood; but since that time they have not done their duty. The Crusaders should have continued their work until the crescent was driven out of Europe and western Astia.

On little Crete it may depend, by her own acts, and the sympathy of brotherhood which she excites throughout the Christian world, to annihilate the victory which Turkey won in 1856 over all Christian Europe, even over her defenders, England and France. The terirble mutiny in British India was a direct consequence of the victory of Turkey in the Crimean war and in the treaty of Paris, for the Mohammedan ambition of the east was excited by the Mohammedan victory in Europe. England aided to win that awful victory, and she suffered the awful consequences. Let England take warning. When the Ottoman empire shall be broken down forever, there will be no danger from Mohammedan ambition in India. Even Mohammedan fatalism will aid in keeping the peace throughout India.—Rosary Magazine.

EARLY DAYS IN WHITE HOUSE.

Mrs. Adams Made a Drying-Room for Her Clothes of the East Room.

Congress first assembled in the new capitol on November 17, 1800; and John Adams, then president, took his abode in the executive mansion. Neither the capitol nor the executive mansion was fully completed. The proportions of the house seemed to Mrs. Adams as "grand and superb." The plan was taken from the palace of the duke of Leinster in Dublin. "If they will put me up some bells and let me have wood enough to keep fires," wrote Mrs. Adams, "I design to be pleased." But, though literally in the woods, no one could be found to cut and cart firewood. The few cords of wood that had been provided had been expended to dry the plastering. A Pennsylvania wagon, secured through a treasury clerk, delivered a cord and a half of wood, "which is," wrote Mrs. Adams, "all we have for this house, where 12 fires are constantly required, and we are told the roads will soon be so bad that it cannot be drawn."

The society ladies were "impatient for a drawing-room" in the executive mansion, and this when Mrs. Adams had "no looking glasses but dwarfs," and "not a twentieth part lamps enough to light the house." There was no inclosure, and she made a drying-room for her clothes of the great east room. The original cost of the white house is said to have been a little more than $300,000, and something more than that amount was expended in restoring it (after its destruction by fire in 1814), and in the building of the north and south porticos.—Ex-President Harrison, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Barred from the Polls.

Italian Catholics are still barred from taking part in parliamentary elections by papal command—which, according to an official notice just published in the Osservatore Romano, the recognized organ of the vatican, remain in full force. To what extent these ecclesiastical orders are obeyed may be judged from the fact that not over 49 per cent. of the registered voters went to the polls at the last general election. It remains with the pontiff to remove this prohibition when he sees fit, and to send the Catholic electors to the urns, either in behalf of the monarchy or else of the republic. This condition of affairs must therefore for a considerable time to come influence in no small degree the policy of the Italian government toward the church.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Remarkable Memory.

Beethoven could play, from memory, all the preludes and fugues contained in Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord." There are 48 preludes and the same number of fugues, and, as each is in the most abstruse style of counterpart, the difficulty of this performance will be appreciated by every musician.—Philadelphia Press.

Water for Washing Silks.

Only the purest water is employed by the Chinese in washing the finer grades of silk. Ordinary well water in its natural state is unsuitable, and is purified by placing a quantity of mollusks in it for a day. These prey on any impure organic matter and act as filters.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Worst of Critics.

"The man who puts a plugged penny on the plate," says the Manayunk philosopher, "is usually the severest critic of the sermon."—Philadelphia Record

HUMOROUS.

—She—"How do you account for the enormous increase of the English sparrow in America?" He—"They're too ugly to go on women's hats."—Chicago Record.

—Mrs. Brown—"I hear that the man Miss Gray is to marry is quite wealthy." Mrs. White—"Yes, I understand that he is in immoderate circumstances."—Boston Transcript.

—"What kind of language was that you were talking to baby, just now, mamma?" said little Ethel. "That's baby talk, my dear," replied the mother. "And did I once understand that, mamma?"—Yonkers Statesman.

—Precarious Marriage.—"Here's the account of a couple who were married on bicycles. What on earth could have possessed them?" "Oh, I fancy they were trying to outdo the idiots who marry on four dollars a week."—Detroit Journal.

—Philadelphia Man—"Well, you can make all the fun you want to of our slowness, but I know one country chap who came here and made $500,000 in three months." New Yorker—"Is that so? How did he make it?" Philadelphian—"Got a job in the mint."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

—Scene: Aldershot Maneuvers.—Soldier supposed to have been wounded is brought to surgeon's tent by bearers. Bearer (reporting)—"Severe scalp wound, sir, accompanied with insensibeelity." Surgeon—"Well, what have you done?" Bearer—"Dressed the wound, sir, and gave him a little whuskey and water." Surgeon—"Whiskey and water! How did you expect an insensible man to swallow that?" Bearer—"He axed for't, sir!"—Tit-Bits.

THROUGH SIX CENTURIES.

Long Feud Between Two Families Brought to a Close Amid Mirth.

It is seldom in this workaday age that one encounters a genuine family feud, inherited from sire to son through no less than six centuries. Such a feud actually existed in the dominions of Queen Victoria until a short time ago, and its final settlement was brought about by the ingenuousness of a boy of nine.

The two leading Anglo-Irish families in Ireland have long been the Fitz-Geralds and the Butlers. From being comrades in arms of the invading strongbow they became by degrees rival barons and fierce contestants for the vice sovereignty of their adopted country. In the wars of the roses the Butlers sided with the white rose of Lancaster, the Fitz-Geralds with the red rose of York. Factions gathered around in the two great houses, and the bitter feud brought forth death and bloodshed from as early as 1250 down to the Williamite wars. The Butlers, whose chief had obtained the dignity of earl of Ormonde, succeeded in crushing the power of the elder branch of the Fitz-Geralds, earls of Desmond. It is told of a warlike Desmond that while being borne prisoner on the locked shields of his feudal foe's clansmen the Butlers taunted him with the bitter words:

"Where is now the proud Fitz-Gerald?"

To which the indomitable earl answered:

"Fitz-Gerald is where he ought to be—on the necks of the Butlers."

This proud reply will give an idea of the intensity of the strife.

Now, it happened that her majesty's Irish viceroy gave a garden party at the viceregal lodge at Dublin, and thither were bidden by accident the marquis of Ormonde, head of the Butler family (familiar to the Americans through his yachting interests), and the little duke of Leinster, boyish chieftain of the house of Fitz-Gerald. With the duke, who was not quite eight years of age, came his widowed mother, one of the beautiful Duncombe sisters.

The duchess of Leinster lost sight of her son for a space, and, in going to look for the lad, found him engaged in earnest conversation with a tall, elderly gentleman, in whom she was surprised to recognize the marquis of Ormonde. What was her horror when, on approaching nearer, she distinctly heard the youthful Geraldine remark in somewhat slangy phrase:

"Well, I suppose I ought to punch your head on account of the feud; but I say, you know, you're too jolly decent a chap for that. Can't we shake hands and call it square?"

With the utmost gravity Lord Ormonde grasped the small hand of his hereditary foe, and when the amused mother came to congratulate them on the happy settlement of 600 years of bitterness she found the young hopeful perched, like his famous ancestor, on the neck of the Butler.—Atlanta Constitution.

The First Railroad in America.

Gridley Bryant, a civil engineer, in 1826, projected the first railroad in the United States. It was built for the purpose of carrying granite from the quarries of Quincy, Mass., to the nearest tidewater. Its length was four miles, including branches, and its first cost $50,000. The sleepers were of stone and were laid across the track eight feet apart. Upon rails of wood, six inches thick, wrought-iron plates, three inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, were spiked. At the crossings stone rails were used, and as the wooden rails became unserviceable they were replaced by others of stone.—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Rebuke.

Burner—That was a very nice-looking woman I saw with you at the theater last night. I'm glad you have at last shown some taste. Who was she?

Rounder (flushing)—Um! That was my wife.—Philadelphia North American.

Playing in Luck.

Parksby—Is your son having good luck at college?

Kerzogg—I guess so. He has not sent for any money for over three months.—N. Y. Journal.